

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

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*Zulmira; or, the Inconstant.*

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

ZULMIRA was one evening, seated in a pavilion in the gardens of her father Omaraddin, tasting the freshness of the vernal aromatic gale, and listening to the murmuring of the stream, and the sweet warbling of the feathered choiristers. Zulmira was formed for love. She was adorned with all the graces that were ever combined in a woman. She dressed with elegance; the feathers of the ostrich waved over her auburn tresses, which hung in graceful ringlets. Sometimes they were tied with ribbons, and sometimes decorated with pearls, equal to those which adorn the turban of the Sultan. Her cheeks glowed with the blush of health, and her lips vied with coral; the lilies faded by her complexion, and the rose was pallid to her youthful bloom. She was lovely, neither was the discerning Zulmira unconscious of her loveliness.

She had heard with pain that Ibrahim, a Persian of great wealth, was soon to be joined in wedlock with the amiable Ismena. She revolved in her mind various schemes to supplant her in his affections, and whilst she was ruminating on the most probable method to compass her design, she felt a hand on her shoulder. She started with surprise, and looking quickly round, she beheld a youth of celestial beauty. His countenance was illuminated as the radiance of heaven, and his shining tresses waved about in the air. He immediately accosted the lovely Zulmira, and with a look of ineffable sweetness thus began.

"O Zulmira! loveliest amongst women! listen to my words, nor turn a deaf ear to my advice. What thou wert thinking of when I interrupted thy meditations, was unworthy of thee. Why should'st thou wish to destroy the peace of an amiable pair?—Why should envy torment the mind of the inconsiderate Zulmira?—While thus thou strivest only to increase the number of thy adorers, what solid advantage canst thou hope to reap? Thinkest thou that thou derivest real happiness from the voice of adulation? or sincere joys from the sighs of your lovers?—Though the fame of thy beauty reached to the cliffs of Tauris, or echoed along the shores of Indostan, could it awake a real delight in thy heart, or diffuse one sensation of animated pleasure over thy bosom? Consider rather, O thinking Zulmira! of storing thy mind with useful knowledge, and of implanting and cultivating every virtue in thy heart. Simplicity is the best ornament of a beautiful figure. Jewels and diamonds add not to the lustre of thy charms, and be not studious to increase such fading beauties, but rather to augment those which will never fade. The charms of thy person will soon decay; the angel of sickness might destroy them in a moment; but the talons of old age will inevitably chase all the bloom from thy withered countenance. Endeavour, O Zulmira! to keep in the paths of virtue, and never deviate from its slightest rules." He then put into her hand a ring, in which was set a mirror of crystal, and waving his purple pinions in the air, vanished from the astonished fair one.

During his discourse, the lovely Zulmira had revolved in her mind the whole iniquity of her design, and shocked at the tendency of her thoughts, her cheeks were tinged with the dye of shame. She re-

solved to think no more of those schemes. She looked in the crystal mirror, and saw herself in all her native beauty.

But one day she was alarmed at the approach of Ismena, whose countenance was exhilarated with joy, and whose eyes sparkled with pleasure.—She soon learnt from the unsuspecting maid the early period fixed for her approaching nuptials. Ismena spoke in the most affectionate manner of Ibrahim, but every good quality she assigned to the deserving youth, was a dagger to the bosom of the envious Zulmira. When Ismena left her, all her former schemes returned to her mind, and at length she fixed on one which appeared to her the most likely to succeed.

The next time she saw the hated fair one, she begged of her, with the most obliging earnestness, to introduce Ibrahim to their family, as she longed to pay the proper respect to such distinguished merit. The kind Ismena readily complied, saying, "she was sure Ibrahim could lose nothing by the most intimate acquaintance."

On the day appointed for the introduction of the contested youth, Zulmira exerted all her arts of dress. A long azure robe shaded her delicate form, and was fastened with knots of diamonds. Her flowing hair hung in the most elegant ringlets over her snowy neck, and a full blown rose was placed on her forehead; bracelets of pearls were fastened round her taper wrists, and the chrystal mirror sparkled on her finger.

She was scarcely dressed before Ismena and Ibrahim appeared. Ismena's robe was pink, and her flaxen tresses and blooming face were shaded by a thin veil of gauze. Zulmira saw with delight that Ibrahim was surprised at her charms. They were in the same pavilion where Zulmira received the unheeded lessons of the Genius.

The prospect was lovely, and Ismena near, yet Ibrahim's eyes were rivetted on Zulmira. Her bosom was filled with ecstasy, yet she strove to conceal it; and she was covered with confusion at his attention to her. With infinite wit she introduced a variety of topics in conversation, which gave Ibrahim an opportunity of admiring her sagacity. In short, every motion was filled with studied graces, yet so well studied, as to appear the result of simple nature.

When Ibrahim and Ismena took leave, she paid such (apparently) sincere congratulations on their approaching nuptials, that Ismena was delighted with the friendship of Zulmira; while that artful maid rejoiced in the success of her scheme.

She soon found that Ibrahim endeavoured to cultivate her acquaintance, and she continued still to spread new snares in his way, when one morning as he was complimenting her on the clearness of her complexion, and the brightness of her eyes, she cast them downwards in well counterfeited confusion, when the crystal mirror happening to strike her, and present her with a monster of ugliness, she fell without sense or motion on the sofa. Ibrahim, almost distracted, called every servant to assist him in recovering Zulmira, which was soon compleated, and when with the most engaging tenderness, he enquired after her health, she complained of a slight indisposition, on which he left her. Yet the idea of this conquest so inflated the weak nymph, that she banished every thought of the genius from her mind, and put by the ring.

Thus did the inconsiderate Zulmira triumph in her iniquity, while the tender Ismena bewailed in secret the loss of Ibrahim's affection.

Soon after this event, Ibrahim asked Zulmira in marriage of her father Omaraddin, who, delighted with the idea of so agreeable a partner for his beloved daughter, readily gave his consent. One day, as she was reflecting on her approaching happiness, she heard a noise like the sounding of a cataract, and the genius again stood before her, she trembled at the sight of him, and prostrated herself.

"Wretched child of the earth," said he, "how unworthy hast thou made thyself? Thou art now despicable in my eyes, yet by one action mayest thou recover thyself, and reinstate thyself in thy own opinion. I have only now to counsel thee to exert thy fortitude." "Oh, (cried Zulmira) let me know what I am to do, any thing will I comply with to restore my innocence."

"Thou must, (said the genius) inform Ibrahim of thy machinations, of the various schemes thou hast formed to alienate his affections from the amiable Ismena;—I know the trial will hurt thy pride, it will greatly wound thy vanity, but to shew me that thy repentance is sincere, this command must be obeyed."

"And it shall be obeyed, (replied Zulmira) yes, I will make one effort to recover my lost peace of mind."

The genius then left her with a smile of affability, but the conflict of her mind threw her into a violent fever; here the soft affection of Ibrahim was very conspicuous; yet one day when he had been conversing with her, she burst into tears, and cried out, "O wretched maid, how despicable am I in my own eyes, and how contemptible ought I to appear to every one else?"

Ibrahim looked astonished: "Tell me, my dearest Zulmira, (said he) what causes this perturbation in thy afflicted bosom? Why does that lovely breast heave with repeated sighs? Why do the pearly tears fall from thy eyes in quick succession?" "Oh leave me for ever, Ibrahim, (returned the distressed fair one) I am unworthy of your affection, which I took so much pains to alienate from your once loved Ismena."—And then, without the least gloss, she told the whole story of her baseness, and intreated him to restore peace to her afflicted mind by restoring his love to the mournful Ismena.

Ibrahim, quite amazed, knew not what to do. He felt the tenderest compassion for the faultless Ismena, and the highest admiration for Zulmira's nobleness of heart, when the genius appeared, introducing Ismena to the confused pair. He then spoke in these terms to the listening assembly:—"Oh ye children of the earth, the gracious Alla has again remanded me to the earth to make ye happy. I am commissioned to join Ismena and Ibrahim in indissoluble bonds, and to say to Zulmira, Thou hast, O daughter of Omaraddin, exerted a surprising fortitude; but remember that virtue always meets with its due reward.—When the inconsiderate Zulmira can forego her passion for adoration, and wish rather for the esteem of the few, than the admiration of the many; when she can find more charms in the gratulations of her conscience, then shall Zulmira be happy."

So saying, he waved his wings and left the earth. Ibrahim and Ismena enjoyed a lasting peace, and in a short time Zulmira was blessed in wedlock with the deserving Orramel.

## *The Commentator, No. 21.*

*Erraily thy name is woman!*

SHAKESPEARE.

### TO THE COMMENTATOR.

"IN a recent number of your speculations, you have given the public a treatise upon the manifold virtues of women, and you have attempted to refute the sarcasms which have been cast upon the female character, by such writers as Pope. Permit me to say, Sir, that you were peculiarly unfortunate in the province you made choice of, as it displayed no little vanity in contradicting such a man as the before-mentioned poet, whose reputation has been so firmly established, that it will resist the destroying hand of time, and declare to future ages the existence of genius and ability. Bare assertions will seldom operate to the conviction of the reader; more especially, when opposed to argument and example, and proceeding from one whose experience and knowledge of the female character are at best but dubious. Some of your dissertations on the natural propensity to vice in the human mind have pleased me, as I have learned by the instructions of severe experience, that

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;  
It does not feel for man."

"To illustrate a subject by example I always conceived necessary to give weight to an argument, as it is calculated both to attract the attention of the reader more particularly, and possesses more influence over his mind. My own adventures have been rather singular, and I have heretofore considered as misfortunes; what I now plainly perceive to be benefits. If, Sir, you will pardon my egotism, I will state some of the material incidents of my life, in confirmation of the before-mentioned quotation. My disposition was by nature too sanguine to suffer me to glide gently down the current of life, without being swallowed up in the whirlpools of disappointment, or dashed against the jutting rocks of mortification. Hope was seldom a stranger to my bosom, and I still reflect with a mixt sensation of regret and astonishment, upon my folly in yielding myself the victim of her delusive influence. At the age of nineteen, I was left by the death of an uncle, in possession of an independent fortune. It is true, I was by his demise cut off from the society of all with whom I was connected by the ties of affinity, as envy and displeasure at what they conceived to be my uncle's unjust partiality, forbid any



correspondence, but I rejoiced in the golden prospect before me, and I danced in the bright but transitory sunshine of happiness. My thoughts, sleeping or waking, constantly reverted to the same idea which occupied my attention, of living uncontrolled, esteemed by my equals, and respected by my inferiors. Superiors I had none, at least youthful vanity suggested the opinion. Faint gleam of transitory pleasure! Vain dreams of pure unalloyed happiness, never to be found except in the visionary offspring of my elated imagination! Days of pleasing delusion! Where are ye?

".... With the years beyond the flood "

Ye will never more exist but in the freaks of disordered fancy, or in the wild phantasies of my imagination. The remembrance of past events—of days when I felt the warm tide of pleasure flow into my heart—when I was animated with the spirit of philanthropy—ere experience lifted the veil,—removed the mists of ignorance and delusion in which I was involved, and discovered to me the deformity of the human heart, infected with prejudice and corrupted by vice—will recur and inflict a pang yet too sensibly felt. While yet a minor, I contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman, in whom I found, or at least thought I found all the requisite qualifications for a true friend, candour, liberality of sentiment, and unsullied honour. Our friendship was strengthened by time, and I fondly thought that nothing but death could dissolve the ties of affection which were woven in our hearts. A new sentiment however informed me that I was yet to experience a sensation of a more subtle nature than friendship. A young lady formed by the hand of nature in a peculiar mould, first gave me the ability to define the nature of the passion of love. To describe her would be intrusive and impertinent, suffice it to say with the poet,

"When nature stamp'd her, she the dye destroyed."

"I became acquainted with her, and a more intimate knowledge of her served only to confirm the opinion I entertained of her excellencies. Virtuous and amiable, affable and accomplished, she demanded admiration, and acquired it from every beholder. My visits were frequent, and at length I offered my heart, hand and fortune to her acceptance. With the most winning grace she complied with my wishes, and as I embraced her, I fondly exclaimed—"Can all the powers of darkness undermine and destroy my happiness?—No! I defy all their arts." Alas how mistaken!—but why should I exclaim against the decrees of fate: it was pre-ordained

that my eyes should be opened, and that I should be exposed to the conviction of bitter truths: salutary they were, but truly bitter was the mode in which they were administered. A day was appointed to unite MARIA and myself in the indissoluble bond. Exulting in my choice, I introduced my friend to the elect of my heart, and with pleasure I beheld the tacit admiration he paid her charms when in her presence, and joyfully did I receive his acknowledgment of her superior virtues. Very unexpectedly my business called me to the West Indies, and such was the emergency of the occasion, that I was obliged to sail and postpone my nuptials, till my return. Confiding in the honour of my friend, I committed to his care my whole property, and recommended MARIA to his protection. Credulous, incautious wretch! thus did I weave the web of misery in which I was so completely entangled. When I had completed the settlement of my affairs, I returned—returned to the experience of the most agonizing sensations. My friend had ingratiated himself with my bride-elect, induced her to swerve from the vows of fidelity she had made, persuaded her to unite her fate with his, and left me to misery and despair. In the first ebullition of passion, I determined to follow them, trace them to the haunts of guilt, and sacrifice them to the manes of my departed happiness. Time with his lenient hand softened my grief and despair, but in the cool moments of dispassionate reflection I preserved the determination to enjoy the pleasure of a sanguinary revenge. I traced them from Britain to the continent, surprised them in moments of amorous dalliance, and precipitated them into *new scenes of untried being*. Thus having gratified my revenge by the just punishment of the guilty pair who had annihilated my felicity, I thought proper to escape from the indiscriminating severity of the law, which would have doomed me to an ignominious fate, for committing an act of justice to myself and society, by ridding the world of two miscreants. Although my life was not, in my opinion, worthy of preservation, yet my mind revolted from the idea of suffering, by the hands of the executioner, a punishment due only to those who have transgressed every law human and divine. I consequently sailed for America, determined to take refuge in the wilderness of this quarter of the globe, from the insidious arts of mankind. I soon found, at a distance "from the busy haunts of men," a sequestered retreat, congenial with "the gloomy tenor of my soul." Here I now reside in

a cottage which owes but little to the exertions of art. Two small rooms serve to accommodate me, and, almost totally excluded from any converse with mankind, I spend my time in poring over those books which I have reserved for my entertainment, or under the foliage of the spreading oak, "the monarch of the soil," ruminate on the past incidents of my life, look with contempt upon the childish engagements of mankind, and bless the power who condescended to open my eyes to the villainy of my species, who illuminated my understanding with the radiance of truth, and taught me to regard as beneath the dignity of humanity all those vain and frivolous customs which chain down the intellectual powers, and repress all the energies of the soul. I am regularly furnished with all the new publications, and have thought proper to commence a correspondence with you, the continuance of which depends solely upon yourself. Till I see whether you choose to notice this, I shall remain a silent spectator of the actions of mankind, from whom, thus in the spring time of life, I have for ever withdrawn myself.

MISAN RISDEN."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

By the insertion of the following Essay, you will much oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

"THERE is a time reserved for every nation to arrive at the summit of perfection, in the pursuit of philosophy, literature, and the *fine arts*; until that time arrives, the happiness of a nation is incomplete.

America, though young, has evinced to the world, that her people are not wholly devoid of merit and wisdom: for, that they have made considerable progress in civilization, is evident, by their producing the philosophers, *Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Jefferson*; the soldiers and statesmen, *Washington* and others, whose signal characters, while her annals shall be extant, will remain as irrefragable proofs, that *genius* is an attribute of America, as well as other countries;—and will shew, that youthful Columbia has conceived and brought forth men, that have honoured her, and whose great and predominant characters, were *Amor patrie et scientie*. In gratitude for their truly eminent and inestimable services, their names and actions are engraven with indelible characters in the hearts of her sons.

As America has given birth to, and cherished warriors, statesmen and philoso-

phers. It is hoped, that she will not long neglect the other essential character; that is, the *artist*, who has so long been struggling to break the fetters of oppressive discouragement, so repugnant to *genius*; and whose iron hand still keeps him in obscurity. It is, and has been the case, that whenever the tender buds of *genius* begin to shew themselves, however hopeful their appearance of future excellence, they have unfortunately been blasted, and suppressed by cold and discouraging neglect; which from the promising aspect they bore, would, "under the fostering hand of encouragement," have arrived with rapidity, "to the summit of perfection." It is with pain, that I take a retrospect, and see men who have spent their youth and fortune, in acquiring a knowledge of the *arts*;—who when they have arrived to that age, when they must provide for themselves,—expecting support and merit, from the result of their studies,—the indefatigable exertions of their youth, contrary to expectation, have been requited by inattention. Consequently, men of the greatest abilities, are obliged to live dormant, and in indigence, or resort to some laborious employment, which they never anticipated—"Ah! say, shall they meet nothing but contempt and low neglect?" Whereas, if they would, as the artists did in Rome, and do in France and other countries, receive the patronage of their executive or legislature, they would, without doubt, in a little time, stand paragons for the world, and be the greatest ornament of which America could boast.—But stop, says a looker-on, do not delight yourself so much in the regions of delusive imagination, but endeavour to reform the disgraceful fact, by reminding the Americans of their indefensible neglect of the *fine arts*;—set before them the following interrogations: Where is the law that will insure to a designer, engraver, or publisher of a print, the sole possession of it, for a limited time, to indemnify him for his trouble and expence? or, where is the law that will prevent the whole or part from being copied, and the publisher from being robbed of all his anticipated emolument?—The answer must be, that there is none, similar in any degree, to the four volumes of the United States' Laws. It is a pity,—it is sorrowful,—it is shameful that the legislature, are so negligent of the refinement of our nation. The numerous instances of designs being stolen, and prints being copied without licence from the proprietor, has prevented, or at any rate, considerably retarded the progression of the *art*, and of course, pre-

cludes the probability of its arriving to any degree of perfection in a short time. But if our national legislature, will take into consideration the truly deplorable state of the *fine arts*, and will enact a law that will protect them; then we may expect, that the suppressed *genius* of America, will rise resplendent, and add the necessary trait to the American character.

It is sincerely hoped, that this subject may merit the notice and consideration of those who are more capable—or *one* that is a more conspicuous character, than

A YOUNG ARTIST.

#### FEMALE CONSTANCY;

#### OR, THE EFFECTS OF POETRY.

[From a Paris Journal.]

POETRY or music: which of the two possesses the most powerful influence on man? It is difficult to decide upon the superiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced through the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vast projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young king of Macedonia forgotten. The following anecdote of an occurrence last summer, proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Tasso, the Homer of Italy.

A young lady, from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of distinction, had devoted herself, from her infancy, to the study of Tasso, whose "Jerusalem delivered," she had entirely by heart. Such was her taste for this poet, and so far had she identified herself with his heroines that she alternately believed herself to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladius; Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the Christians. She regarded these adventures as natural, and was disposed to imitate them.

An opportunity soon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addresses of a young gentleman, who is extremely anxious to marry her; but whose father, from motives of interest, oppose his wishes. The young man, obliged to yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the service, and joins the army of reserve, after leaving a farewell letter to his mistress. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover, without receiving one line of consolation from him, considers herself as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her understanding: she consults the heroines of

Tasso. What would the tender Herminia have done thus abandoned? She would have followed her unfeeling lover to the army; she would have lavished her own days to save those of the ingrate; and to convince him of the truth of her passion. Such is the part she determines on taking. She wins over an old servant of the family; sets out with him; purchase a hussar coat at the next town; goes straight to the French camp; shows her brother's papers, which she had taken out of his port-folio; joins the crowd of Italians, who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, receives a flattering reception.

Confounded with the crowd of soldiers, she contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herself far from his thoughts, when she sees him joining in the pleasures of the other officers, and preparing for the great battle, which was fought a few days after on the plains of Marengo.

This girl, actually believing herself to be Clorinda, appeared determined to join in the combat; for she belonged to a detachment commanded by her lover himself, and charged with the defence of a post on the side of Villa-dell'aro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his sister and the papers, on the faith of which she had been enrolled. The father was so much touched with this extraordinary display of love, that he gave his consent to the marriage.

#### NATURAL CURIOSITY, NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

About four miles from the city of Johol in China, there is an immense pillar or column of solid rock, situated on the pinnacle of a high mountain, and very near the verge of it, from which it rises, in an irregular manner, to the height of four hundred feet. It is small at its base, but gradually enlarges towards its summit; and from many of its projecting parts, issue streams of the finest water, which, falling from so many sources, and from such a stupendous height, give the whole a glittering appearance in the sun, which is almost indescribable. The upper part of this enormous rock, which is rather flat, appears to be covered with shrubs and verdure; but, as it is absolutely inaccessible, there is no possibility of knowing the kind of plants which crown it. It is esteemed, and with great propriety, by the Chinese, as among the first natural curiosities of their country, and is known by the name of Pansuiashaug.



THE POET, THE BRAIN, THE PEN,  
AND THE INKSTAND.

[A Fable translated from the Italian.]

A POET obtained prodigious success: seated at his table, he indulged in the glorious idea of his triumph. This love of glory, common to all men, kindled in his heart a secret fire. The idea of the praises bestowed upon him made the blood circulate with violence through his veins: joy filled his entire being. His *Brain*, stung with jealousy, thus addressed him:—"You are indebted to me for your success. It was I who furnished the ideas which have gained you so much honour. Surely, without me, you could not have written a single word." The *Pen* overheard this claim to exclusive praise, and full of indignation, thus addressed the *Brain*:—"What vanity! without me, what could you have done with all your fine ideas and fine imagination? It is to me he is indebted for them; to me who have committed them to paper." The *Inkstand* then put in its word. "Without me, you could have written nothing. What could you have done, had I not bathed you in my ink?" the *Poet*, stunned with these clamours, which would tear from him all the glory that he had acquired, said to them—"I am equally obliged to you all: to you my *Brain*, for suggesting ideas; and to you, my *Pen*, who wrote them; and to you my *inkstand*, who supplied the means to do so." Thus the dispute ended.

A few days after, the *Poet* published a new work; but its fate was the reverse of the former. Every body turned their back upon him; some wrote satires, others made invectives against him. In a short time he became the laughing stock of the world. The poet then complained of his *Brain* for having suggested such nonsense. He flew into a passion against his *Pen* and *Inkstand* for having contributed to commit it to paper; but they denied that any blame attached to them. The *Brain* said, he did not know how to chuse among the ideas which it had suggested. The *Pen* and *Inkstand* reproached him with being a bad *Poet*, alledging that they had done nothing but to obey his will, and written only what he pleased. The poor unfortunate *Poet* had no other resource but to hold his tongue, and weep over his disgrace in solitude.

Such is the common fate of man. When an undertaking succeeds, all are anxious to claim a share in the event. But does it fail? Every body abandons him; nobody admits that he had any share in the business, and all maintain that the fault was intirely his own.

A MODE OF WRITING AMONG  
THE TURKS.

The art of writing is not general among the Turks; and, when they are in love with a person to whom they cannot have easy access, they have a mode of writing their sentiments without pen, ink, or paper, by the means of flowers, fruits, woods, silks, stuffs, and colours, of which they make a packet, each article having an allegorical sense: this packet they call a *selam*.

Those who employ this mode of communication have always a casket full of things to compose a *selam*. They have a dictionary, which they know by heart, of the allusions they wish to give by their flowers, &c. Thus,

An ambret signifies, *We are both of one mind.*

A piece of a rose bush—*I weep continually, but you deride my tears.*

A piece of cloth—*I am tired with your importunities.*

A piece of canvas or buckram—*We shall be together to-morrow.*

A piece of silk—*You have gained my mind.*

A looking-glass—*I am ready to sacrifice myself to you.*

A pistol—*I love you very much.*

A grain of a raisin, some blue silk, a pea, a morsel of sugar, and a piece of the wood of aloes, arranged in certain order, forms a billet-doux to this purpose:

"My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occasions me, has nearly deprived me of my senses: my heart passionately desires you. Give my disease the necessary remedy."

REFLECTIONS ON THE EDUCA-  
TION OF YOUNG WOMEN.

[From the Lady's Monthly Museum, for May 1801.]

GIRLS should be accustomed to more precaution and prudence than boys, and their prudence ought to be the result of the experience of others. In them the least imprudence has often been the cause of the most dreadful consequences, as they have no resource upon which to draw for the reparation of their errors. A woman generally risks less by not acting, than by deciding with precipitation; her prudence, therefore, should be more circumspect than that of men; and the apothegm of the oriental monarch is singularly applicable to the sex.\*

\* "Do not undertake any thing of which you have not well examined all the consequences."

ARABIAN TALES.

The most trifling things which might render young women confident in their fortune, should be avoided; they ought to be taught never to rely upon their prudence, and never to expect that chance will serve them. Another essential part of the prudence of the sex is an indifference to argumentative conversation. They who fail in this quality, and are not mistresses of themselves in company, often make a disagreeable use of their understanding: every thing connected with disputation sits awkwardly upon them. We find that Calphurnia, who pleaded causes in person before the Roman Senate, grew so peevish and tiresome, that her example was the cause of a law to prohibit women from pleading in person.

In all matters of taste, in all cases where they are called upon to choose and select, young women should be encouraged to reason upon their sentiments. It has been said by some, that taste never reasons: this maxim is as pernicious as it is false. If young women would reason a little more upon their preferences and their aversions, we should see fewer affairs of gallantry, and more marriages of inclination. Parents must not expect that their daughters will learn to reason by inspiration, and at the very moment when they shall be put to the proof. Their prudence ought to be early formed and acquired; for the decisions the most important to the happiness of a woman, through her whole life, are frequently made at an age when even men are far from being yet called to similar proofs.

Economy is a virtue highly essential to women, and the contrary fault often owes its origin to too much indulgence in the fancies of the toilette. The habit of expending large sums upon gew-gaws becomes frequently so strong, as to produce pecuniary distress through their whole lives.—When the celebrated Cuzzona, reduced to extreme poverty, received 350 livres sterling, the amount of a subscription made by her former admirers, she immediately set apart 200 livres of it for the purchase of fashionable bonnets. It is for mothers to instruct their daughters, by example, to prefer what is durable and useful to what has only the merit of fancy, and owes all its value to whim and caprice.

It is not only in the use of her money a young lady's economy should be exercised; it finds an habitual application in the care which she takes of the articles of her toilette: this care is a most important part of her education. A young lady should be charged with the support of her wardrobe, and keeping every thing belonging to it in order: when she fails in it, she suffers the

consequences. This is the natural punishment for such negligence, and no other should be inflicted. As order is the basis or economy, young women should be indulged with all the conveniences which facilitate it: they should have all their little utensils, and a sufficient and commodious place in which to keep them arranged. In general, the first habits have an astonishing influence upon this point, as on every other. It is of more importance than one would think to accustom young women to be careful of their apparel, and not to despise even their old cloaths. We have heard of a nobleman who had these words written upon the door of his kitchen: — "*Sufficient, but not too much.*"—Such should be the device of those wealthy parents who have it at heart to form their children to the practice of a prudent economy.

#### CURIOUS EPISTOLARY ECONOMY.

MADAME de Genlis has lately published a work on female education, entitled "*La Petit La Bruyere*;" in which, after some observations on the value of time, she reprobates the fashion of repeating on the direction of letters, the titles, as a Monsieur, Monsieur, &c. and the names of the cities. She computes, that whoever has occasion to write two letters a day, the one to Constantinople, the other to Kimpercorentin, will lose, by writing the names of these places twice instead of once, half a minute a day. That when to this is added the practice of repeating Monsieur, and the very bad habit of sealing with wax instead of wafers, the loss amounts to no less than four minutes *per diem*, which at the end of the year amounts to a dreadful total!

#### SINGULAR NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.

The females of the kingdom of Burmah, in the East Indies, are most distinguished, for beauty when possessed of very *long ears*: for this purpose it is common, when females are very young, to hang weights to their ears, which make them exceedingly long when they attain the age of maturity, and in these they wear a prodigious number of rings and other ornaments.

#### SINGULAR CUSTOM IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

THE richest men in these islands are most excellent swimmers and divers; and it is affirmed that they sometimes will overtake ships under sail. Whenever they give their daughters in marriage, the cele-

brity of the diver is the general rule attended to. The suitors are tried before the maid and father, and he who remains longest under water wins her.

#### ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

MILTON, when a student at Cambridge, was extremely handsome. One day, in the summer, overcome with heat, and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree, and slept. During his sleep, two ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty of the young student attracted their attention: they got out of their carriage, and, after having contemplated his beauty some time, without his waking, the youngest lady, who was very handsome, took her pencil from her pocket, and wrote some lines on a piece of paper, and, trembling, put them into his hand. The two ladies returned to their carriage, and passed on.

Milton's fellow-students, who were seeking for him, observed this silent scene at a distance, without knowing it to be him who was sleeping: approaching, and knowing their associate, they awaked him, and told him what had passed. He opened the paper, which was in his hand, and read, to his great astonishment, these lines from Guarini:—

"Occhi, stelle mortali,  
"Ministri de miei mali,  
"Se chiusi o' uncedite,  
"Apperti che farete?"

which may be translated thus:—"Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes!—if you wound me being closed, what would ye do if open?"

This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility; and from that moment, filled with the desire of finding the unknown Fair, he some years afterwards travelled throughout Italy. His ideas of her (says our French author) worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful poet; and to that, in part, is England indebted for the Poem of "*Paradise Lost*."

#### OF TWO INDIANS.

Two Sachems of the western Indians, in making a tour to Philadelphia, dined at the house of a gentleman of fortune, amidst a splendid circle; and observing mustard upon the table, one of them, without suspecting the consequence, took a spoonful at once into his mouth, which soon caused the tears to run plentifully down his rugged countenance; but collecting himself in a moment, and perhaps no less desirous to conceal his ignorance, than to see his

companion caught in the same manner, when asked by his brother Sachem the cause of his crying, replied without hesitation, that it was caused by his reflecting upon the goodness of his father, who was slain in battle. This answer appeared satisfactory to the inquisitive chief, while the rest of the company, out of tenderness to these unrefined sons of nature, could only, with the utmost exertions, restrain themselves from open laughter. From this moment, the one who had learned by experience the qualities of mustard, kept his eyes constantly on his tawny brother of the wilderness, until at length he enjoyed the superlative pleasure of beholding him take a spoonful into his mouth in the same manner he had just done himself, and which was productive of the same effect. The former now in his turn requested of his companion the reason of his shedding tears, and was answered with Indian readiness and wit,—"*Because you were not killed when your father was.*"

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

The following is offered as a solution of Q<sup>2</sup> "*Enigmatical Bill of Fare for a dinner on the 1st of July*," published in your last number; if correct, its insertion in your next will oblige,  
A Q.

1. A roasted Turkey garnished with celery.
2. A roasted Goose with apple sauce.
3. A Pigeon pye.
4. A Pye of certain parts of the entrails of a Deer called Humbles.
5. A Dish of fried soles.
6. A Dish of butter'd Fish (Pisces)
7. A Dish of Drum-fish boiled with a species of land-crab caught on the shores of the West India Isles.
8. A Melon.
9. A Plate of Medlers.
10. A Plate of Pears.
11. A mixture of Spirits and water, commonly called grog.
12. Punch.
13. Champaign.
14. Tent with a Toast in it.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

1. Smoking Tobacco.
2. Playing at Backgammon.

#### FOR SALE,

At the Office of the Philadelphia Repository,

#### A Tale of the Times,

IN TWO VOLUMES,

By the Author of "*A Gossip's Story*."

(PRICE TWO DOLLARS.)



For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I HAVE observed, with pain, a disagreeable controversy in your paper, between *Mr. Law* and the *Uranian Society*; which, I think, it would be for the interest of both parties to drop—*Mr. Law*, at present, gets no reputation by putting himself upon a par; and when he obtains a complete triumph, (which it is impossible for him not to do) what does he gain by it? Did *Mr. Law*, indeed, contend with a *Handel*, or a *Madan*, there would be reputation even in the contest itself; and immortal honour would crown a victory obtained in such a cause.—The Society, on the other hand, ought to consider, that they are contending against a man, whose character as a professor of sacred harmony has been fairly, meritoriously and firmly established in the opinion of the first men of science in most of the best enlightened parts of America, and indeed in many parts of Europe. They must be sensible that they do by no means meet him upon equal grounds either as to knowledge or talents; (tho' to be sure they are more than equal as to numbers) and, therefore, they must suppose, at least they ought to conclude, that the world, who will not judge from interest or passion, must necessarily impute their motives to other causes than *merely the public good*—causes which they wish to conceal—causes which I forbear to mention, but for which I refer them to their own hearts.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. I wonder if it be necessary here to inquire, whether the *Uranian Society* ever learned *Mr. Law's* system? or whether they ever practised after his mode; or whether they are, in fact, indebted to him, at all, for any part of their knowledge in music?

For the Philadelphia Repository.

QUESTION.

Sister and me did disagree,  
Our ages to declare;  
Till our old dad (he was so mad,)  
Began to curse and swear.

I beg some friend would answer send,  
By what is wrote below;\*  
Assuage his rage in H—n's page,  
And 'blige your friend T. O.

\* Let  $x$  denote my age, and  $y$  my sister's, then both our ages are requested by the following equation:

$$x^2y + y^2x = 512,500, \text{ and } x^2y - y^2x = 2500.$$

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 3, 1801.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 26d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Kintzing Prichett, to Miss Eliza de Bartholt.... On the 29th, at Friends Meeting, Dr. Samuel Lukens to Mrs. Hannah Y. Tomkins, daughter of Joseph Yorke....Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. George Jacobs to Miss Susannah Donaldson, both of Burlington (N. J.)....On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Philip Milledoler, Mr. John Thompson of Southwark, to Mrs. Margaret Oswald, late of New York.

.....At Northampton, on the 22d ult. by Daniel Newbold Esq. Mr. Joshua Humphreys, merchant, to Miss Abigail Cox, both of Moorestown, (N. J.)

.....At Trenton, by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Nicolas Dubois, superintendent of the Young Ladies' Academy, to Miss Betsey Ryall, all of this city.

DIED....In this City....On the 21st ult. Miss Hephzibah Morgan, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Morgan.

.....At West Point (at the Garrison) on the 23d ult. Capt. John Lille, of the 2d regiment of Artillerist and Engineers.

.....At Duck-Creek (Del. S.) on the 19th. George Kennard, Aet. 5, son of Mr. George Kennard, merchant.

.....At Newport, on the 14th, Dr. Benjamin Mason, Aet. 40.

.....At Schenectady, (lately, whether he had retired for the restoration of his health,) Mr. Robert Henderson, late merchant of this city.

.....At Lancaster, on the 23d inst. Mr. John Hoffnagle, at the very advanced age of 92 years, 6 months and 3 days.

COMMUNICATION.

.....Lately, at New Orleans, Mr. JOSEPH R. MILNER, late of *Wilmington*, (Del.) and formerly resident in this city. Although it would be impiety to impeach the justice, or murmur at the dispensations of Providence, yet when we see a young man cut off in the spring-time of life, ere he had tasted sufficiently of the misfortunes and vexations incident to mortality, to give him a disgust to this theatre of action, when on the point of realizing the glowing prospects of independence, which his youthful impetuosity was so impatient to grasp, and fancy so ready to deck in all her splendid colours, the tear of affectionate regret may surely fall, unchecked by austere maxims of resignation. To possess the cheerless apathy of a stoic on such an occasion, to view with eyes unmoistened with the tear

of tender recollection, the decease of a young man, whose talents in all probability would have benefited society, and whose propriety of conduct was truly worthy of admiration, cannot surely be meritorious. As a loss to society in general, he will be lamented by those who had an opportunity of justly estimating his abilities; as a friend whose suavity of manners, and endearing qualifications, rendered him justly dear to his acquaintance, he will be long remembered with regret, while his relatives will derive a pensive pleasure from the recollection of his many virtues, and from the consolatory reflection, that his rectitude of principles has entitled him to a place in the glorious mansions of immortality—"Where the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God for ever shout for joy."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Young Artist," ought to have been more candid than to suppose that the delay his communication has experienced, arose from the editor's not being "a friend to the aggrandizement of the *American Fine Arts*," or from any wish in him to "suppress so important and lamentable a truth," as is contained in the paper. The very reverse is the case.—But the fact is, the delay was occasioned by the editor's receiving a note informing him that the piece was not original, and stating that the writer of the note had seen it, and could produce the work from which it was copied. It now appears, as original, on the word of the writer; and future communications from a *Young Artist* will receive merited attention.

"Good Intention's" remarks on the "pride, vanity and self-conceit" of the "present age," are no doubt well-meant; but if they mean any thing, they do but barely point at the subject.

Four communications on the existing controversy between *Mr. Law* and the *Uranian Society*, all ranged on one side of the question, have been received; but as so many articles on one subject might be deemed improper, the editor has selected one, which appears with the signature of "A Subscriber," and contains nearly the substance of the rest.

"E. H." is requested to forward the rest of "*Rejuvenescence*;" "*A Tale*." It is well approved of.

THE ARMENIAN;  
OR, GHOST SEER,

A NOVEL, IN TWO VOLUMES;

Translated from the German of the celebrated

F. SCHILLER,

Author of *The Robbers*, *Don Carlos*, &c. &c.

By the Rev. W. Render,

Professor of the German Language in the University of Cambridge,

IS THIS DAY PUBLISHED, BY

WILLIAM FRY,

No. 36, Chestnut-Street.

The frauds of magic, and the delusions of sense, is the ground-work of this interesting production. Whatever can excite the wonder or sympathy of the reader, has been interwoven in the history of the Prince of W..... by a master hand, who well knew his power over the human mind.

A mutilated translation of the first volume having appeared some time since, and meeting, in that state, with a favourable reception, induced the Rev. Mr. Render to present the Public a finished translation, in 4 volumes, which met with a rapid sale.

The present edition contains the work complete in 2 volumes, neatly printed, bound and lettered, price one dollar and seventy five cents, 61.

OCTOBER 3, 1801.

## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### AMYNTOR TO AMYNTA.

A HYMENEAL INVITATION.

TUNE—"Rural Felicity."

AMYNTA! Come hasten, since youth is the season,  
The treasures and pleasures of HYMEN to prove;  
Leave objects tho' pleasing; the temple of Reason  
Now opens, and leads to the temple of Love;  
The pleasures of courting, are pleasures transporting,  
And shall, in *our union*, increasingly last;  
Come, see  
Lovers' felicity,—  
Joy, bliss and rapture shall be *our* repast—

CHORUS.

The pleasures of courting, &c.

While others are sighing, and panting, and dying  
To marry their honours, their riches and fame;  
The only desire that *our nuptials* inspire,  
Is to wed our affections, our beings and name—  
The pleasures of courting, &c.

Old maids will be pining, old bachelors whining,  
To think they the spring-tide of life misapplied,  
When they see us enjoying, without an alloying,  
The comforts and blessings of *bridegroom* and *bride*—  
The pleasures of courting, &c.

See VENUS and HYMEN the vestibule climbing,  
With roses and lilies to garnish their fame;  
While the LOVES and the GRACES, with smiles on their faces,  
And in their hands garlands, fill up the bright train—  
The pleasures of courting, &c.

AMYNTA! Then hasten, since youth is the season,  
The treasures and pleasures of HYMEN to prove;  
Leave objects tho' pleasing; the temple of Reason  
Now opens, and leads to the temple of Love;  
The pleasures of courting are pleasures transporting,  
And shall, in *our union*, increasingly last;  
Come, see  
Lovers' felicity,—  
Joy, bliss and rapture shall be *our* repast—

CHORUS.

The pleasures of courting, &c.

AMYNTOR.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### ADDRESS TO FORTITUDE.

HAIL Fortitude! thou firm, unbending pow'r,  
That steels our minds in the all-trying hour;  
When we are sore afflicted, and distress'd,  
And even cheering hope forsakes the breast:  
Inspir'd by thee, man ev'ry woe sustains,  
No sighs escape him, and he ne'er complains,  
No fears, no dangers move his steady soul;  
He stands unshaken as the solid pole:  
When overpower'd in successful war,  
When conqueror's shouts come thund'ring from afar,  
(guin'd field  
When slaughter'ing hosts bestrew th' ensan-  
With his slain friends; he still disdains to yield.  
As the fierce tiger, chac'd by men and hounds,  
O'erpow'r'd by numbers, cover'd o'er with wounds;  
Swift on his foes, inflam'd by fury flies,  
Yields not—still fights, nor unrevenge'd dies:  
Thus stands the man whose firm, unshaken mind,  
(bin'd;  
Fears not of conquer'ing hosts, the rage com-  
Undaunted, still sustains the dreadful fight,  
Nor meanly seeks to shun his fate by flight.  
Lo! the bold seamen sailing o'er the main,  
Driv'n by a tempest seeks a port in vain,  
While waves on waves, with loud tremend-  
ous roar,  
Assail the skies, or burst upon the shore,  
Swift thro' the gloom the vivid lightning flies,  
(ing skies,  
And thund'ring peals roll thro' the sound-  
While furious blasts the shiv'ring topsail rends,  
And swift destruction on the ship descends.  
Nor hope is left, and death approaches near,  
Yet still sustain'd by thee, he knows no fear.  
Come Fortitude, come thou celestial guest,  
And fix thy habitation in my breast;  
Then if the lightnings flash, the thunders roll,  
(pole,  
And foaming billows shake the trembling  
And every woe oppress my suffer'ing soul.  
Sustain'd by thee, my mind no fear shall know,  
But view unmov'd all changes here below.

CARLOS.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### THE METAPHORICAL FLOWER.

WHILE journeying in the lane that gently leads,  
And fairly opes to life's enchanting meads,  
Innum'rous flowers assail'd my gladden'd eyes,  
And various odours scented all the skies.  
Fair was the way, the prospect shone serene,  
And love & pleasure bless'd the smiling scene;  
Till where the adverse gale of fortune blows,  
Where slept the parent stock, a flow'r arose;  
'Twas beauty's self in humble neatness drest,  
The lovely pride and glory of the rest.  
Charm'd with the matchless stranger, near I drew,  
'T'indulge the fond, the soul-inspiring view—  
Struck with such angel-loveliness, I gaze,  
Till all my heart is lost in sweet amaze;

And thus her feelings sighs,—“Delightful flower!

Offspring divine of some seraphic power!—  
How do my eyes o'er all thy beauties stray,  
Which to my mind the tend'rest thoughts convey;

How does thy fragrance lift me from below,  
T' Elysian glades, where flowers eternal grow:

Ah, cruel fortune! how couldst thou expose  
This more than lily, more than Sharon's rose?  
In such unfriendly soil, inclement clime?

To stand the evils and the rage of time?  
How could thy cruelty on such a flow'r,  
Whose leaves eternal balmy fragrance pour,

Send forth the adverse tempests of thy frown,  
To cast its glory and its honour down?  
Unhappy flower, since fate has been severe,

I am devote' to thee by love sincere:  
Nor shall the storm by fate or malice shed;  
Descend again upon thy guiltless head!—

No;—I will now transplant thee to a plain,  
Where vernal suns & vernal breezes reign;  
Where all thy beauties shall eternal bloom,

Where all thy odours rise, a sweet perfume;  
And for thy floral excellence, thy name  
Shall be FLORELLA in the roll of fame!”

E——.

W A R.

HOLD, ruthless war! thy blood-stain'd hand,  
No more deluge the smiling land,

With streams of human gore:  
While at the blest approach of peace,  
The instruments of war shall cease,  
And the dire cannon's roar.

See fierce Suwarrow from the north,  
Leading his barb'rous soldiers forth;

See thousands by them slain:  
No longer shall his name alarm;  
That mighty monarch, Death's strong arm,  
Has finish'd his campaign.

When “Macedonia's madman” hurl'd  
Kings from their thrones, subdu'd the world,

What praises flatt'ry gave:  
Or Swedish Charles, possess'd of power,  
How prais'd before that fatal hour,  
The conqueror found a grave.

Yet those view'd by clear reason's ray,  
The daz'ling mist shall melt away,

And they shall stand confest;  
Robbers and murderers they'll appear,  
When we their character bring near,  
To Truth's impartial test.

To him the hero's name belongs,  
Who fought t'avenge his country's wrongs,  
And scorn'd a tyrant's sway;

Who when the well-train'd martial foes,  
His feeble, untaught bands oppose',  
To victory led the way.

And when the storm of war did cease,  
Could bury in the shades of peace,

The laurels he had won:  
Americans! extol his name,  
And enter in the rolls of fame,  
Th' immortal WASHINGTON.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed that their 12th payment will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.



# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY—EXTRA.

Saturday, October 3, 1801.

**ADVERTISEMENTS** of all kinds received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, and inserted at as low a rate as in any of the daily papers.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

By DAVID SOWER,  
OF NORRISTOWN,

And for Sale by D. HOGAN, No. 51, South Third-street, and the principal Booksellers in the City.

(PRICE 87½ CENTS)

A NOVEL, ENTITLED

## THE STORM,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE work now offered to the public, is a scarce and entertaining production.—The scenes depicted are not romantic and visionary; but, on the contrary, they are natural, pleasing and instructive. The characters are those moving in the common and private walks of life, with a mediocrity of fortune. The morality is sound—virtue is portrayed, simple and unaffected, yet beautiful and attractive—vice is clothed in its wonted deformity, and rears its head only to be abhorred.—The cheek of the virtuous fair one, will not, in the perusal, be suffused with crimson, by indelicate scenes, or double entendres.

DESORMEAUX's Patent Clarified Liquid

## CHINA INK,

For Sale at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository;

ALSO,

## ALMANACS,

FOR THE YEAR 1802,

And a General Assortment of

Books and Stationary,  
Stamps, &c. &c.

## To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia.

Lately imported by the subscriber, an elegant assortment of the most fashionable Fancy Ornaments; consisting of bronzed figures for supporting lights of Ceres and Juno, with double brass branches. Ditto, figures of Historic and Lyric Muses, with single branches for one light each. Ditto, of sitting and standing Cupids, with marble pedestals and single branches. Ditto, Busts of Buonaparte and Charles James Fox, Shakespeare and Milton. Also, a great variety of highly finished Plaster de Paris Medals, alabaster stands, with egg, custard and jelly cups to ditto, complete. A great variety of Derbyshire sparr and alabaster grottos of elegant colours, Masonic and other fancy Devices, Statuary Marble, Imitation Fruit of superior colours, warranted to stand. Likewise a general assortment of well finished Composition Ornaments, suitable for the decoration of the inside of public and private buildings. And for the use of Carvers and Gilders, have also a quantity of Gold-leaf, Needle-points, pipe clay, Corinthian and Ionic Capitals, Beads, Strap and Laurel-leaf, of every size. The above to be sold low for cash or approved notes, by applying to

ROBERT WELLFORD,  
No. 49, Chesnut, near Second-street.

September 26th, 1801.

## EDUCATION,

### BRITON ESTILL

WISHES to inform his fellow-citizens, that he has removed his SCHOOL to the Corner of BREAD-STREET and FETTER LANE, (otherwise called Moravian and Watkin's Alley) where he teaches as usual both Sexes.

It would be needless to enlarge on the many advantages which his pupils in their present situation possess, as those who wish to place their children under his tuition, of course will judge for themselves. But it may not be amiss to observe, as ROOM, LIGHT, and AIR, are the well known essential properties of a School Room; that these properties his present situation possesses in an eminent degree.

He wishes further to avail himself of this opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgments for the past, pledging himself to those who may still be disposed to honour him with their confidence for the future, that nothing within the limits of his abilities shall be wanting to merit that patronage with which his former attempts have been so distinguishedly marked.

N. B. A large airy Room, well calculated to accommodate a society, (or societies) may be obtained on reasonable terms, by applying as above.

13t.

## Just Received from Glasgow,

And for Sale by D. HOGAN,  
(Opposite the United States Bank)

A NUMBER OF VALUABLE

## BOOKS.

AMONG WHICH ARE

FAMILY, School, and Pocket Bibles  
Johnston's Dictionary, 2 vols. royal quarto

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